

REPORT ON THE MOUNTED POLICE.

BY A. BURRELL HAYLEY.

HONOLULU, 25TH APRIL, 1884.

To His Excellency the Attorney-General, Etc.

SIR:—I have honor to forward a brief report on the Armed Force to which I was appointed in August 1883.

The force comprises at the present moment a detachment of thirteen horses and eleven men on the Island of Maui, receiving salary of \$15 per man; in Honolulu a squad of fourteen men at \$12 per month, and twenty horses.

The schedule of pay reads:—

	PER MONTH
For the first four months.....	\$12
" second ".....	\$13
" third ".....	\$15
" fourth ".....	\$17
" fifth ".....	\$20
" sixth ".....	\$25

The equipment of the horses is not satisfactory, the Mexican saddle having been adopted owing to the resources of the country being limited.

The horses equipment comprises a double bridle and head stall, Mexican saddle and cinch, two pair horse blankets and picket rope.

The men's kit comprises: helmet, fatigue cap, stable jacket, riding pantaloons, blouse, blue flannel shirt, 2 linen shirts, 2 pair white pants, 1 pair stable pants suspenders, 2 towels, gloves, jack boots, spurs, straps, stable boots, spurs, kit bag, blanket, belt, cloak, water bottle.

GROOMING KIT.

Grooming bag, horse rubber, dandy brush, body brush, comb.

BARRACK FURNITURE.

Comprises: brooms, buckets, one mattress per man, lamps, stove and cooking utensils and horse medicine.

The horses are all fairly broken to school and good movements, sufficient for all practical emergencies and are in fair workmanlike condition.

The men that were first enrolled did not as a body prove a very respectable class. I was compelled to get rid of eight. The men at present are a steady, well-behaved, respectable class of young men, showing great improvement, and applying well to their work.

Rations for the men comprise 1½ lbs. meat at 8 cents per lb., hard bread 1½ lbs., poi about 3 lbs., groceries, sugar, coffee, salt, oil, &c., per month \$5 per man, fuel, 1 cord per month \$20, medicines, \$50, stable utensils \$10, incidentals per month say \$50, hay, bran and oats \$500.

That mounted men are of service and utility on these islands must be apparent to everyone who has knowledge of the different districts, means of communication being so limited and distances so great.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

A. BURRELL HAYLEY,
Late 11th Prince-Albert's Hussars.

A QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM

"BLUE NOSED, NAKED AND ASHMED".
BEAUTIES AT HER MAJESTY'S RECEPTIONS.

London Truth has the following:—

"There is probably no capital in the world where the custom of paying respect to the titled representatives of a court system is carried on under circumstances of such aggravating cruelty. A London drawing room in the reign of Queen Victoria is, when carefully

considered, as discreditable and inhuman a spectacle as can be conceived, and, though the evils attendant on the institution have been pointed out over and over again, though they must be perfectly familiar to the Court authorities, to the Court advisers and to the Polonius of the period, yet things go in the same stereotyped jog-trot system, and no steps whatever are taken to protect loyal subjects from the frequent discourtesies and many insults to which they are subjected. With scant consideration for comfort, or even decency, the principal drawing rooms of the season are fixed at a time of year when the weather is most treacherous, and those who attend them are compelled to appear in a costume quite out of character with a ceremony that is to take place at daylight. Take case of a delicate young girl—or, indeed, of any ordinary fragile beauty who desires to pay her respects to Her Majesty, or to the chosen representative of Her Majesty, at one of the first London drawing rooms. It is March weather—the fiercest, most uncanny and treacherous seasons of the year.

"In this weather, women accustomed to cloak and cloth themselves in wraps and furs whenever they take their drives abroad or face the piercing atmosphere, are compelled to bare their necks and shoulders to strip themselves of their apparel after the fashion of their prototype, Godiva, and for weary hours expose themselves to the gaze of all the rascally Peeping Toms who choose to congregate in the Park and indulge in impertinences that disgrace the name of men and Englishmen. Few know who have not experienced it the bitter insults to which modest women are subjected on their way from home to attend a court or drawing room at Buckingham Palace. As there is little organization of the traffic, and there is sure to be a dead clog at some point or other in the park, the shivering women are constantly exposed to the curious gaze of these eager sightseers. Such a mob as this no respecter of persons. We have few sights in London and the appetizing one of the women, young and old, dressed up in the daytime in the most unbecoming and uncomfortable of all costumes is not to be resisted. The raffish go up to the carriage doors and freely offer their comments. Modest ears are shocked by words of indecency and profanity.

"Arrived at the palace the fair courtiers receive but a cold welcome. So far they have braved east winds, dust and a London mob to find the dread chill of a half-warmed mansion and to tread the silence of deserted halls. Here at court, without artificial light of any kind, without wrath and without appropriate color, they are compelled to unbare their beauty in a cruel and uncompromising fashion. If an ordinary woman of society cannot receive the male gaze in her tea room without pink shades and rose colored blinds, thing of the appalling trial for her when she stalks these icy corridors in the full glare of a spring sun and in a dress that would be considered out of place at an ordinary ball. The Court, besides being cruel, is inhospitable. If women feel faint or are attacked by a sudden paralysis of nervousness, they can, after making a fuss from which most women would shrink, obtain from a Court official a restorative in the shape of sherry or more consoling brandy. But to ask for such temerity assistance is to call down the neers of the stronger sisters."

DR. BORLAND'S REPORT.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH, HONOLULU.

SIR:—In accordance with instructions received from the Secretary of the Board of Health, I have the honor to submit to you a report of my work as Government Medical Officer for the northern district of Kauai during the past year, for the details of which I would respectfully refer you to the quarterly reports furnished.

I am glad to be able to report during the past year (the period during which I have been here) the entire absence of epidemic disease among the native population, as also of serious illness. During the first quarter (April to June 30) I had considerable number of cases of enteric, or typhoid fever, occurring among the workers on Kilauea plantation; but, at the end of the quarter, the epidemic had entirely disappeared, without the recurrence of a case up to this date. This improved condition I attribute to better hygienics and needful supervision.

With regard to the question of leprosy, the cases submitted to me, admitting of no doubt as to their true nature, have been sent off to Honolulu. A few cases of doubtful character are under treatment and observation, and when satisfied as to their nature, they will be sent off.

With regard to the question of the requirements of the district, I am thoroughly convinced of the utility and desirability of an hospital in the centre of the district, for the more systematic and thorough treatment of cases requiring isolation, and constant attention and nursing.

The planters in this district are much interested in this question, and would, I am convinced, give Your Excellency every support. Should you think fit to take this suggestion into consideration, I would suggest that a portion of the hospital be set apart for cases of illness occurring among workers on the different plantations, and of the character requiring that special care and attention which an hospital can alone afford, and that the employers be called upon to support the hospital either by an annual subscription, or payment for individual cases.

I shall have by the end of the year completed my inspection of the schools in the district, the result of which will be embodied in my usual quarterly report ending 31st March.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BORLAND.

Calming the impatient Traveller.

He stood at the ticket window slowly unrolling an old-fashioned leather wallet, while a dozen men stood behind him, driven to madness by the shouting of the porters calling their trains. After he got about a yard and a half of wallet unrolled, he suddenly stopped and said to the ticket clerk—"Is that clock right?" "No, sir," "Taint!" shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry carpet bag. "Taint right! Well, what'n the name of common sense do ye have it stuck there for, then?" "To fool people," calmly replied the clerk; "that's what we're here for—to fool people and misdirect them." "Well, drat it," said the passenger, hurriedly rolling up his wallet. "Then I've missed my train. I'll report you, I will." "Won't do any good; it's the company's orders. They pay a man to go round every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks, so that not one of them will be right, and no two of them alike." The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The ticket seller went on—"It's the

superintendent's idea. He is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man jump about and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket, and then finds his train has been gone two hours. It saves him the expense of going to the circus." "Which way is the clock wrong?" the passenger asked, in despairing accents, "fast or slow?" "Don't know. That's part of the fun not to let anybody in the building know anything about the time. All that I know is that its about 90 minutes wrong, one way on the other." With a groan the passenger dropped his carpet bag and wallet and made a rush for the door, upsetting any man who got in his way. In about two minutes he came back, crestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked up to the window, he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a sane man—"What made you talk to me like a liar?" "What made you ask questions like a fool?" answered the ticket clerk, and they glanced at each other for a second, and then the passenger went this way a madder, but probably not a wiser, man.—*American paper.*

A PARIS STORY.

The gossips tell a funny story in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress played the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion, but if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical divinities are endowed with profuse *Chevelures*; and if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply. Mile. Alice glories in the possession of auburn ringlets and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a Duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L. and the Baron de M. both happen to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual dulcinea. Each begged a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented and without touching a single tuft of her head curiously managed to effect an exchange of parcels by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capillaries. The Count now wears the Baron's "hair" next his heart and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scalplock under his pillow. What terrible deceivers these "female women" are.

Blaine Items.

Under the heading "A Beacon-field Beyond the Seas," the *London Pall Mall Gazette* says: Blaine's nomination is the most notable event for England since Lincoln was assassinated.

At a Republican ratification meeting in Harrisburg, Pa., Saturday night, General Simon Cameron, who presided, stated that the Blaine-Logan ticket was a strong one and could not be beaten.

Talks with Congressmen in Washington show that the Republicans are much pleased with the nomination of Blaine and Logan, while Democrats who are candid frankly admit that the ticket is about as strong as it could be made.

The telegram notifying Blaine of his nomination was filed in the Western Union telegraph office in the Convention hall, Chicago, at 3:37 p.m. and was delivered to Mr. Blaine at his home in Augusta, Me., and posted in the London clubs at 3:51, Chicago time, the same day.

The widow of the murdered Garfield sent the following dispatch to Blaine: "Our household joins in one great thanksgiving. From the quiet of our home we send a most earnest wish that through the turbulent months to follow, and in the days of victory, you may be guarded and kept. Lucretia R. Garfield."

One of the most recent reasons why Mr. Blaine is the best candidate for the Republican party was stated by a speaker in the Convention when his candidacy was under discussion—that is, the party needed a man who can be elected with or without New York, and of all the candidates that man was chosen.

SWAPPING BEARS.

"A good many folks thinks, when they see Shorty Ryerson for the us' time, that some time or other, he must ha' ben a layin' in the saw mill whar the log had orter ben, with the mill a-goin' full split; but that ain't it," said Sol, landlord of the tavern at Sol's Ridge. Shorty Ryerson had just gone out. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance except that he was less than five feet high, and that every square inch of one side of his face was a scar.

"No, that wa'n't it," said old Sol. "Ye see, goin' on ter five years ago I had a tame b'ar, an' kep' him chained to that pole out thar in the road. Him a' Shorty was p'ticklar good friends, an' when Shorty wa'n't doin' nothin', which were giner'ly from daylight one mornin' till daylight nex' mornin', countin' Sundays, he were out thar foolin' with that b'ar. They'd cuddle down together and go to sleep. Shorty an' the b'ar would, jes' as nat'ral 'zif they were both b'ars, an' it got so that when Shorty happened to be away fur ten minutes the b'ar'd git so oneasy that ye could hear him beller like a baby all 'round the Ridge. Shorty larnt the b'ar a heap of smart tricks, an' business was s'pended half the time, an' the folks all out a-watchin' him puttin' the b'ar through what he know'd."

"The thing that tickled 'em most was the boxin' matches Shorty an' the b'ar'd give. Shorty had 'arned that b'ar so he'd stan' up an' spat with him ez nat'ral ez life, an' I swan if 'twan't a sight good fur a life-time to see 'em stan' thar an' bat away at one another ez if they was a fightin' fur money an' the stakes was up. 'Nother thing that usety take the town down was the way that b'ar'd walk into the tavern with Shorty whenever any one invited him to take sumpin', an' stan' thar longside o' him an' take his glass o' rum ez good ez the best on 'em. That b'ar were a harvest fur Shorty, fur everybody that'd come along'd haf to call fur Shorty an' Solomon—Shorty named the b'ar Solomon 'cause he knowed so ter'ble much—they'd all call Shorty an' Solomon in to hev sumpin'. Cons'kence was that both Shorty an' the b'ar had ther wuthless skins full pooty much all the time. They got to be the hardest drinkers on the Ridge, an' I usety say that the fust thing anybody knowed they'd both git the jams."

"Wall, by-an-by Shorty and the b'ar got to be a nuisance. I got tired o' seein' 'em p'formin' out thar in the road, an' suckin' rum, an' the hull town spendin' its time a watchin' 'em, an' I threatened time an' agin to shoot the durn b'ar an' stop the hull business. But I hated to do it, an' kep' a puttin' up with it, an' takin' it out in cussin'. Shorty alluz commenced business with the b'ar long before daylight, an' the fust thing on the programme were alluz a sparrin' match. One nice mornin' in June, Shorty come shuffin' down ez usual to begin the day's work. The b'ar was cuddled up 'round the pole. Shorty give him a whack on the side an' holers out; "Come, Solomon. Git up an' pu' up yer flippers."

"The b'ar got up an' put up his flippers. Ye see whar that panel o' board fence is, up thar by the hen house? Wall, Shorty were picked up right thar. They took him hum an' sewed his face up ez good ez they could, an' the b'ar were fione when Shorty came back to the tavern six weeks arterw'ds. He never asked no questions 'cept to say, 'Solomon must ha' had the jams, didn't he?'"

Ye see, the night afore the b'ar put up his flippers to Shorty, ez I told ye, an' arter ev'ry body had gone hum, th' were a peddler come 'long to stop all night. He had a darn ugly b'ar with him that he'd traded fur, and the idee struck me to swap Solomon fur that b'ar an' \$10 to boot, an' I did. The new b'ar were chained to the pole, an' by daylight nex' mornin' Solomon were cussin' 'em. An' ye see, I fur to Shorty 'bout